

'ROASTING' PROCESS AT GRIDIRON DINNER PLEASANT FEATURE

(Continued from First Page.)

accompanied by weird sounds, the clanking of chains, groans and protestations. When the lights went up the scene disclosed an immense "red-hot" gridiron in the well and grouped about it a dozen imps of Hades, red-skinned, with horns, hoofs and tails, all commensurate with the popular idea of the presiding spirit of that domain.

"Mr. President, here are three orphans who want to be adopted by the Gridiron Club," said a member. They were told their names, but if we put them on the gridiron they may become more communicative."

Three "Amendments" Dragged In.

So the attendant imps joyfully dragged in the three victims, identified as "prohibition constitutional amendment," "woman suffrage constitutional amendment" and the "ninth amendment," and they were placed on the gridiron, under whose bars red incandescent electric lights shed a glow most suggestive of suffering.

"I have plenty of friends in Congress," "I have plenty of friends on the floor of Congress, but none in the cloak-rooms."

"Well, Mr. Prohibition, you don't expect the Gridiron Club to adopt you?"

"You may not want me, but you sure will get me when they try it on the dog in Washington."

Ladies May Be Needed.

"Who is this fair lady?" was asked of the next victim.

"I am the proposed Suffrage Amendment to the Constitution."

"The woman needed lady members?"

"If you adopt prohibition you'll need some attraction to get your guests here."

"We understand that you recently made a call at the White House. Was there a dance there?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did the President dance—the hostess?"

"No, the side-step."

The remaining victim on the red-hot gridiron, the Fifteenth Amendment, then told his tale of woe, and it was a woeful one, replete with incidents of neglect. When he concluded, the preceding imp disclosed the subterfuge that had been practiced upon the club. It turned out that the three orphans were newly elected members of the club in process of initiation—Chauncey C. Brainard, of the Brooklyn Eagle, Harry J. Brown, of the Portland Oregonian and Arthur J. Sinnott, of the Newark (N. J.) Evening News.

Mother Democracy and Children.

"Mother Democracy and Her Famous Children" was the title of a "study in eugenics and a problem play, the sequel to be disclosed in November, 1916." At the outset Mother Democracy was discovered taking care of two children, which she said, had been left upon her doorstep by the republicans—Ship Subsidy and Philippines.

Uncle Sam entered and, commiserating with the ancient dame upon her cares, asked, solicitously, about her own children, to which she replied that some were playing, some were sleeping and some were working. Then, in burst four joyous youngsters, seizing hands, danced around, singing:

We are mother's children four.
We were born in Baltimore.

"This big boy, Uncle Sam, is my oldest child, Tariff, and this is his twin sister, Income Tax. This is my son Currency and this little girl is Trade Commission."

"I don't see Presidential Primaries or Rural Credits."

"They're sleeping, Uncle Sam, and I don't want to disturb them. This, Uncle Sam, is my baby, Shipping Bill. Why, what's the matter, dear? Those naughty boys throwing stones at you again? Never mind, I'll teach them better manners before the summer is over. Here, you keep away from Ship Subsidy. I don't want folks to think he's kin of yours."

Soothing her youngest, Mother Democracy put her arms around Shipping Bill and sang:

Bye, baby, hunting.
Willie's gone a-hunting.
He will get a rabbit skin.
To wrap the baby hunting in."

Enter "Cousin Willie."

This was the signal for the entrance of Cousin Willie Bryan, carrying a rabbit and with a gun slung over his shoulder.

"Golly, kids, but it's a cold night across the Potomac in Virginia."

"Uncle Sam, this is my nephew, Willie. He's a great hunter."

"Yes, a great job hunter," said a voice.

"Keep quiet, Ship Subsidy. Willie has had some thrilling adventures and several narrow escapes, haven't you, Willie?"

"Once I almost shot a tiger in Baltimore."

"Yes, and three times he was trampled under foot by an elephant, weren't you, Willie?"

"Yes, but the most dangerous animal is the bull moose; only they ain't any more, 'cept in the books."

"Where did you get that rabbit?"

"I shot him. I shot more than a million—I shot more than ten million, and I brought this one home to prove it."

Game Warden Entered.

This juvenile idyl was interrupted by the entrance of a man, sternly dressed as he got out at break of dawn with Eugene Aram, with the gyves on his wrist. The intruder was H. C. Cockrell, game warden extraordinary and plenipotentiary of Fairfax county, Va. He arrested Cousin Willie for hunting.

"I wasn't hunting."

"Well, then, what are you doing with that gun?"

"That ain't a gun; that's a plowshare."

"Where did you get that rabbit?"

"A man gave it to me."

"What man?"

"A friend of mine over in Virginia."

"What is his name?"

"Thomas Fortune Ryan."

"Oh, well, if Thomas Fortune Ryan gave it to you, that's all right. I he wants to he can give away half of Virginia."

The scene ended with appearance of the bad boys next door, the Filibuster family, who proceeded to break up the happy party, until there was a threat that they would all be kept in after March 4, whereupon the disturbers disappeared.

Passes on Wilson's Charge.

A moot court was established in the presence of the diners to pass upon President Wilson's charge that the republican party has not had a new idea in thirty years. "Mr. Common People" was public prosecutor, and announced:

"The first to be the people vs. Charles S. Whitman, Myron T. Herrick and William E. Borah. Each said his occupation was presidential candidate."

Charles S. Whitman was first at bar.

"What, if any, idea have you had in the last thirty years? Answer yes or no."

"I want to be President." That's the idea of William Jennings Bryan.

"Well, I've got another idea. The governorship of New York is the stepping stone to the presidency."

"That idea isn't yours, either. It was



SEVERAL
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE GRIDIRON
SOUVENIR BOOK

used over thirty years ago by Grover Cleveland."

Mr. Herrick at the Bar.

Myron T. Herrick was next prisoner at bar.

"Well, my good man, I suppose you think you've got an idea?"

"I have."

"What is it?"

"Distinguished diplomatic service is the road to political preferment."

"That's an exploded idea. Jimmy Gerard proved that."

"Well, what the matter with having a millionaire in the White House?"

"Oh, Roosevelt had plenty of millionaires in the White House. Now, come, let us what other handicap you've got."

"I haven't got any. I'm an ideal candidate."

"Aren't you from Ohio?"

"Yes, but that's no handicap."

"Mr. Borah, what, in your opinion, if any, constitutes an idea?"

"An idea, viewed in the light of a long line of constitutional precedents, and upheld in the Addison pipe dream case, consists in the contemplation of methods pursued by men who, with far less natural equipment than myself, have succeeded, by hook or crook, in reaching the White House."

Purely a State of Mind.

The next case was the people against William G. McAdoo, Champ Clark and William J. Bryan.

"Mr. McAdoo, how do you explain the present hard times?"

"With President Wilson's statement that it's purely a state of don't mind."

"State what, if any, steps you are taking to reduce the deficit?"

"Well, in the first place, there is no deficit; secondly, if there is one, the last administration is to blame; and, thirdly and lastly, I regard your question as insulting. I appeal for protection."

Speaker Clark was next called.

"Speaker Clark, what's your idea of hard times?"

"The Baltimore convention."

"Well, Mr. Clark, what did you say recently about the presidential nomination in 1916?"

"I said that if Wilson made good, he could have the nomination. And if he didn't make good, nobody would want it."

"Do you want it?"

"No."

Bryan Last at the Bar.

The last prisoner at the bar was William J. Bryan.

"Now, Mr. Bryan, where were you on or about March 4, 1897?"

"At Lincoln, Neb."

"At Lincoln, Neb., eh? What was the weather on that day?"

"It was somewhat overcast."

"Mills all running?"

"I guess so."

"Now tell the court where you were on March 4, 1901."

"At Lincoln, Neb."

"Still at Lincoln, Neb.? Ah-ha! What was the weather at that time?"

"The country prosperous, I suppose?"

"I suppose so."

"Now, Mr. Bryan, let your mind travel a little further along. Where were you on March 4, 1909?"

"At Lincoln, Neb."

"And what was the weather on that day?"

"Continued cold."

"Country prosperous, everybody happy?"

"Everybody except myself, I suppose."

Finally Reaches White House.

"Let's get down to more recent history."

"Where were you on March 4, 1913?"

"I was in the White House."

"The White House, Mr. Bryan? Pray, what were you doing there?"

"I was eating luncheon with the President of the United States."

"What was the weather on that day?"

"'Twas a beautiful, balmy day, full of hope and promise; the birds twittered in the treetops, and every cloud had a silver lining at the ratio of sixteen to one."

"Confine yourself to facts, Mr. Bryan."

"Now, Mr. Bryan (suddenly), don't you know as a matter of fact that immediately after that luncheon the mills stopped running?"

"So did I."

"Do you expect the mills to start running again?"

"Oh, yes."

"And will you also start running?"

"I refuse to incriminate myself."

"The court finds that all these parties have a single idea, which is to get into the White House, and that too much politics is the cause of hard times."

Parody on Opera.

One of the most delightful events of the evening was the rendition by members of the club of a parody on Gilbert & Sullivan's famous opera, "The Pirates of Penzance."

"The Pirates of Politics, or the Slaves of Booty." Some score or more of members in costume—and a ferocious headed by their pirate chief. Beside him stood "Prohibition Pirate," "Suffrage Pirate" and "Progressive Pirate."

The tuncful airs of the opera so popular long ago were used to carry the

words of some travesties on public men and events.

The Pirate Chief announced his associates to be "as fine a band as ever hatched a convention or scuttled a political party."

"But we are not pirates. We are reformers."

Merely a distinction without a difference. Both pirates and reformers would like to sail the ship of state.

"But we don't want to sail a ship. We want to ride in a water wagon."

"Why not? I know some people who think that pirates and prohibitionists go together."

"Say, chief, when the pirates used to make people walk the plank, did they mean the one-term plank or the Panama canal plank?"

"Quit your kidding. I want to sing about the water wagon and the crystal ball."

Then a pirate who bore a striking resemblance to a former President of the United States sang this song:

Oh, better far to live and die
Under the spotlight's glaring eye,
Than play a simple, quiet part
Out of the country I may go,
To find where doubtful rivers flow,
But I return, I'm free to state,
To live and die a candidate.

For I am a candidate,
And I never, never hesitate
To be a candidate,
For I am a candidate.

Plea of Suffragette Pirate.

The Suffragette Pirate sang this plaintive plea:

I want to vote,
That is my sole appeal,
The petition I signed,
Surely should vote,
Our wrongs to heal.

I want to vote,
Give me the ballot soon,
Then will I find
True peace of mind,
O grant me this one boon.

"I notice this town is full of statesmen," said a pirate.

"They are newly elected members of Congress. They are not statesmen—yet."

"I can tell you why this town is full of statesmen," said a pirate:

When the enterprising statesman is not busy,
—he is not busy.
Hearing speeches which are dry enough to burn,
—bought to burn.
He will make a bluff that he is really working,
—really working.
For the salary that he's sent here to earn,
—here to earn.
When he answers loud and promptly to the roll call,
—to the roll call.
He considers that his daily work is done,
—work is done,
And a single term will leave no contradiction,
—contradiction.
That the statesman's lot is sure a happy one,
—happy one.

When the politician's not spending buncombe,
—spending buncombe,
Public documents and other simple joys,
—simple joys,
He can only wink and laugh and gently chuckle,
—gently chuckle.

At the way he puts it over on the boys,
—on the boys.
But the statesman gets the perquisites and places,
—sites and places,
He has nothing left to wait for 'neath the sun,
—neath the sun.
That's the reason why this town is full of statesmen,
—full of statesmen.

For the statesman's lot is sure a happy one,
—happy one.

"Squash Center" Folk Introduced.

Cliff Berryman's "Squash Center" folk were introduced to the company. A Squash Center grocery was shown in the well, outside of which were seated Si and Hiram perusing a copy

"Poultry News and Poultry, Dog and Pet Stock Advertisements appear in the Want Ad Section."

Turn to the Want Ads now.

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of the government newspaper issued by Secretary Redfield of the Department of Commerce.

The items which Si and Hiram read to the diners from Secretary Redfield's paper were interesting if not accurate. They quoted from all departments of the paper—social notes, bright sayings of children, personal items, fashion notes and all that kind of thing. As one would read the other would comment. Here are some of the items and the comments:

"Secretary Bryan was an incoming Senator on yesterday's train."

"John Barrett went to Baltimore yesterday morning. John Barrett returned from Baltimore yesterday afternoon."

"Jim Wadsworth, the popular young Genesee valley farmer, is cutting quite a dash since he sold his crop and bought a new auto. Watch out, girls!"

"Charley Hilles in Town."

"Charley Hilles, the well known campaign manager, is in town visiting with old friends from Vermont and Utah."

"Buy your gasoline and kerosene at Rockefeller's; there ain't no other place to get it."

"Go to Bryan's State Department store for fancy notions."

"A broken line of party ties cheap at George Perkins'."

"Bill Stone keeps the best cigars."

"I know that—he gave me one of the others," said Hiram.

"Save money when you travel by callin' at James Harlan's cut-rate ticket office."

"Say, ain't there any items about our own plain home folks?" asked Si.

"Yep, here's Squash Center correspondence." Lem Hodges has returned from the National Capital, where he went to see about a furin mission. While in Washington, Lem was dominated on the site of the old Arlington Hotel."

Moratorium Is Lifted.

"The Squash Center storekeepers, who have bin trustin' Harlan's furness for the last six months on the strength of his idea that Senator O'Gorman was goin' to get him appointed to a federal job, met Tuesday and decided to lift the moratorium."

"It says here that Charley Fairbanks aspires to direct the next national administration."

"Wal, I dunno but them diplomats and Washin'ton society folks would jest as soon live on butter milk as grape juice," remarked Si.

"SI" don't try print any of Chauncey Depeu's stories."

"Hiram, this is a newspaper, not an almanack."

"Don't see any war news anywhere."

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"Well, here's a ditograph report of what the democratic senators are sayin' about each other in the cloakroom."

"Stop right there, SI! Throw that sheet away and come on home. This ain't no paper for the family."

This Is What They Ate.

The menu was as follows:

Canape Orleansaise.
Lynchburg Bay Oysters.
Celery, Olives, Radishes, Salted Nuts.
Clear Green Turtle.
Potomac Bass, Crode.
Smithfield Ham.
Spinach, Sweet Potatoes, Louisiana.
Chesapeake Terrapin, Maryland.
Griddle Dunch.
Roast Guinea Chicken.
Endive Supreme.
Mousse of Florida Strawberries.
Fancy Cakes.
Coffee.
Cigars.
Cigarettes.

Those at the Banquet.

The guests were:
The Vice President of the United States.

The Secretary of State.
The Secretary of War.
The Secretary of the Navy.
The Secretary of the Interior.
The Secretary of Commerce.
The Hon. Agnew, Baltimore American-Evening Star.

The Hon. A. Ailes, Washington, D. C.
The Hon. B. Aldrich, Washington, D. C.
The Hon. C. Bailey, Cleveland Plain Dealer.
The Hon. D. Baker, Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Hon. E. Ailes, Washington, D. C.
The Hon. F. Aldrich, Washington, D. C.
The Hon. G. Bailey, Cleveland Plain Dealer.
The Hon. H. Baker, Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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The Hon. K. Bailey, Cleveland Plain Dealer.
The Hon. L. Baker, Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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The Hon. AF. Baker, Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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